

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1880.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. IX. No. 5.



"Now, Fido, I'm Cap'n, and you see my big sword. You just go and put that whip back in the carriage-house where you found it." We guess Fido will mind.

ABOUT DOGS.

IN the picture you see little Fred Smith. He has on his father's hat and sword, and thinks he is quite a military man. He is giving his dog a lesson in good behavior. The dog takes it very quietly and seems to think that Fred is his master and that he must obey him. Fred says, "Fido thinks he folks much as anybody," and we guess he is right. He says that "Fido knows heaps and bushels," and we guess that he is about right in this too, for most dogs know a great deal. We will tell you one or two stories which show how much some of them know.

A lady had a large dog that used to annoy her by bringing other dogs into the back yard. One day he came into the yard with five other dogs, and his mistress said to him, "Carlo, you must lead those dogs back; we can't have such a pow-wow here as we had the other day." Now the fence around the yard was high; and the gate had a weight attached to it, so that it opened readily on being pushed or pulled, but closed again as soon as one had passed through. Dogs could easily get into the yard, for they could push the gate open, but they could not so easily get out, for the handle by which the gate was pulled open was higher up than they could reach.

What was Carlo to do? for his mistress, who had told him to be off with his company, had not offered to open the gate. He thought a moment, then sprang over the high fence, pushed the gate open, and held it until all the dogs had passed through. Was not Carlo a knowing dog?

We have read of a shepherd dog living in Ireland that did something still more wonderful. The owner of the dog having sold his sheep and moved to Dublin, found that he had no further use for him; so gave him to a friend who was going to the Isle of Jersey. The dog was put on board a packet and carried to Jersey with his new master, but as soon as they landed he ran away and lived by himself until the packet was ready to return to Dublin. Just as the vessel was about to sail he went aboard and quietly took passage back. No sooner had the vessel touched her wharf in Dublin, than the dog jumped ashore and trotted back to his old master's house.

We need not tell you that this dog was not given away again.

Bad luck is a man with his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out all right.

TWO WORTHY EXAMPLES.

THE Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday School in Montreal writes : " We have just started a museum of natural curiosities in our Sunday School. I want to get the children interested in natural history if possible, and then 'learn to look through nature up to nature's God.' My boy Nevil contributed a small case containing peat, lignite, soft coal, hard coal, and graphite, and I used them as an object lesson the other Sunday. We have received several contributions, all from the scholars, and are trying to get with each specimen a short description."

A letter from a member of the Unitarian Society in Yonkers says : " Our school of about thirty scholars organized, and carried through by their own exertions, a 'Children's Fair,' where nothing was sold for over one dollar, but by which they netted eighty-three dollars to purchase books for their library, which now consists of nearly four hundred volumes of excellent books, nearly all of which have been selected from the lists of the Ladies' Commission. The unexpended balance we shall place in the bank until next year, when we shall again add some. I think it was a very enterprising thing, and perhaps the example may cause some other children to try."

WE should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

WHEN a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

AN avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape it is indeed disgraceful.

For The Dayspring.

A SPRING SONG.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

ROBIN, dressed in brown and red,
Chirruping with lifted head,
As swift o'er the tender grass,
With a sprightly step you pass,

Tell me, are you glad to come
To your swinging, leafy home,
In the tall elm's waiting arms,
Safely sheltered from all harms ?

Dusky swallow, hiding high
In the old barn's twilight sky,
Art thou glad the winter's o'er,
That sweet spring has come once more ?

Blackbird, whistling loud and clear,
In the thickets, far and near,
When the spring has robed as bride
Stately thorn-tree — dost thou chide,

That the call to sleeping flowers,
Echoes through this world of ours,
That the earth from d-ath awakes,
And from icy fetters breaks ?

Sing, then, Birds, your sweetest song,
Echoing winds, the hymn prolong,
Ti'l all listening hearts shall sing,
Welcome to the glad young spring.

GREATNESS.

THERE is a greatness before which every other sinks into nothing; one which, when clearly seen in its true dignity, produces a most thrilling emotion of the heart. It is moral greatness: that undeviating rectitude of action; that love of virtue which leads men to seek the best interest of others; that integrity of soul which binds man under every circumstance to truth and duty, and rears for him a monument encircled by that eternal radiance which issues from the throne of God. — *Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

TALKS WITH MY CHILDREN.

THE STORY OF A BLACK LEAD PENCIL.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.



OU would scarcely have expected it, for it was such a common-looking pencil, as it lay on my table. I had just finished writing with it a lesson for the Sunday School, and asked myself, probably in an audible voice, "What shall be the next subject?" when I seemed to hear some one exclaim, "Write something about me and my family, and I will help you!" And yet I should scarcely describe it as a voice I heard, so much as a sort of impression I felt.

Full of this impression, therefore, I gazed steadily at the pencil in a rather wondering mood, and, as I looked at it, it assumed the appearance of a very tall and narrow house with a steeple to it. The door opened, and out stepped an old man, — yes, evidently *very* old, — but still bright and cheerful looking. He was dressed in a suit of dark gray, which seemed to shine in places where the light struck it, as if the cloth were worn threadbare. On calm consideration, I should have said the pencil itself opened and the lead came out; but there is something very strange and fairy-like about this whole story, so that as I have already told you an impression was made on my mind, if after this I describe the impression as seeing and hearing, you will know what I mean.

"It was I who spoke to you, sir," said the little, gray old man, "and if you are willing, I will give you a history of a very old and distinguished family, of which I am a member, and which, it seems to me, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive."

"Many thanks for your kind offer, sir: and as I am always anxious to learn your story will be quite acceptable."

"You must know then," began the old man, "that I belong to a very ancient family, with many of the branches of which you are well acquainted. My childhood was passed in a country whose appearance was quite different from any you have ever seen. A low-lying swamp or bog, through which ran a sluggish river, was my early home. The sun shone with wonderful brightness; the air was hot and heavy. The swamp itself was filled up with a great jungle growth, intermingled with ferns of various kinds, and some plants of a goodly size. Here and there trees of curious form reached a height of forty or fifty feet; their stems elegantly fluted, and bearing leaves, which, when they fell, left a mark like a seal upon the spot where they had grown; and their roots large, and wide-spreading, drew from the soaking earth the nourishment needed by the trees. Some fishes inhabited the sluggish waters; and a few beetles and grasshoppers, with one or two creatures of the scorpion kind, were seen upon the reeking, slimy land. It was well that in those days there were none of what are now called the 'higher animals;' for though the jungle growth was bright and green, and very juicy, it would not have supplied a suitable meal to any of them. And so my childhood passed away, under bright, warm, sunny skies; a life of dependence upon some good power that seemed to look after me, and supply my wants, and make me happy."

Here the little man began to muse, so, in order to renew the conversation, I modestly inquired if there were any of his young relations to-day whose circumstances were similar to those he had just described as his own. He replied yes, somewhat sim-

ilar, but not quite the same; in fact his great-great-grandchildren (I thought he was very old) were to-day called Peat; and they were much in the same condition as he had been in his childhood; still he scarcely thought, from their apparently easier circumstances, that they would ever "make such a mark" in the world as he had done!

"But childhood passed at last," he resumed; "my jungle, and all its trees and plants, and myself as part of it, were sunk beneath the waters. Down, down we went, I could not tell how deep; and the sea rolled her waves over us; and rivers emptied themselves into the sea, and brought with them sand and mud, beneath which we were buried. And great pressure came upon us, and by degrees the water of the swamp was all squeezed out of us and dried up; and other curious changes took place; and we became intensely hot; and heavier was the weight upon us, and closer we were pressed together, till our very appearance was so changed that the most intimate friends of our growth could not have recognized us now. I have great-grandchildren to-day, who are passing through just such experiences: their name is Lignite (for unlike your good people, we change our name at every change in our condition). If you take one of these relations in your hand, you will generally find him not very bright (but how should a youth be bright, who has had so little experience of life); and he is usually of a dark brown, or even black complexion; but if you put him into the fire—don't start; it won't hurt him, for the fire is his true sphere of action, as the earth is yours—you will find him part with the light and the warmth which he so long ago received from the sun; though I must confess that he does it in a very ungracious manner; and

shows so much smoke and ash that he is not half as genial as he might be.

"When you men speak of progress you say 'onward and upward;' our progress is 'onward and downward;' so once more down I went. Heavier responsibilities, as well as greater physical weight pressed upon me; the heat and burden of life were now intense; but experience had knit me well together, and I felt that I was ready, whenever called upon, to throw a light upon the dark problems of life."

The old gentleman, you see, had become quite practical; and his face lighted up as he asked me if I had not made the acquaintance of any of his grandchildren, known as Bituminous or Soft Coal. I replied that I was happy to say I knew them well, and respected them most highly; and, in fact, would spare no expense, in order to give them a hearty welcome to my home; whereat the old man smiled quite merrily.

"Where would be your civilization," resumed my old friend, "if it were not for the work I and my relations do for you in our manhood? Wherever man has not known us he remains a savage, but little raised above the beast of the field; and where he best knows us, and most largely seeks our help, there you find the highest civilization.

"Once more, on my forward way, down, down I went; and oh, the pressure now! My very heart was rent and torn by its own inward burnings; my frame, which heretofore had stood fairly erect, and even in my manhood had borne some traces of the beauty of my childhood, was now bent, and warped, and scarce retained a mark of its origin. My muscles became almost as hard as my bones, round which they drew my flesh more and more tightly, till, in the hardened, shrivelled mass before you, you scarce could trace a lineament of the

past. But still, within my heart of hearts, I held the treasure of the past, and would not part with it till it could be used for higher purposes. My children, who now occupy the position I am describing, are known as Anthracite; and when called upon, how calmly, but how warmly they perform their duties, — no smoke, no flame, but one intense heat, bright and clear; the work well done for which they were created. This is the afternoon glow, which, in its brightness and intensity, speaks of a peaceful evening near at hand."

For some time my old friend was silent, but a calm smile broke over his face as he began again: —

"My history comes now to my present condition. The bright freshness of childhood, the uncontrolled passion of youth, the glorious anticipations of early manhood, and the warmth of my maturity are gone; and here you see me, bright and cheerful still; not capable of much, but glad to do my best. To send the word of cheer, and hope, and instruction, this is my highest and my dearest duty, and as I am too feeble to do it unaided, a distant relative, and one of my youngest ties, nearly always remains with me. As I found you using me in interesting work for young people, my heart rejoiced; and when you were doubtful as to 'what next,' I made bold to address you. I have told you of my descendants; my own name is Graphite, but I am commonly called Black Lead. And now you have heard the story of my life.

"I only muse a little here, and wait
The waking!"

And as I looked, I saw an angel move across the scene and lay her gentle hand upon my old friend's head; and when the angel left, he was gone too, but in his place was a glorious Diamond, from whose inmost

heart shot rays of beauty, — warm, and bright, and pure!

I rubbed my eyes; then opened them; discovered I had been asleep — and before me lay the pencil I had been dreaming about. I took it up, examined it, saw in it nothing but a pencil, so used it to write down the story I had dreamed.

And it is a "true story," too. The Peat is the coal-former of to-day; the Lignites or Brown Coals have passed through their first experience in the way of coal-making; then comes Bituminous or Soft Coal, the next older formation; next Anthracite, older still; then Graphite, Plumbago, or Black Lead, nearly pure Carbon, the oldest form in which we can recognize vegetable matter; and finally the Diamond, which is pure Carbon crystallized. And as my lead pencil consists of a thin strip of Plumbago in a holder of wood, it is true that, to write this story down, the old gentleman had to be supported by the strength of his youngest relation, the wood.

A BEAVER alone could never build the dams that they make across streams; but they build in company, and in this way succeed in their plans. The locusts go forth in bands. The water-fowls along our coast in October fly to the south, not singly, but in strings of hundreds. The coral-insects build their reefs in the Pacific Ocean, not by isolated individual effort, but by concerted action.

The turning-point in every man's religious experience is not when he says, "I believe," but when he says, "I will." A man is not a Christian in proportion to the amount of truth he puts into his creed, but in proportion to the amount of truth he puts into his life.

THE TEN SERVANTS.

A RECITATION.

[The following poem — founded upon a German story of a little girl who had no opportunity for study — was beautifully recited by Maud M. Hull, of the Infant Class in "The Church of the Messiah," Chicago, at their Wild Flower Festival, June, 1877.]

ORPHANED little Greta, in a lonely cot,
Wondered why so cheerless was her lot;
Fast her tears were streaming,
Pearls, beneath the sunlight gleaming.

Entered an old woman there
Bowed with many years of care;
"May I by thee rest awhile,
I have come full many a mile?"

Quick the heart is touched for cheering,
Greta's leaped with this appearing
Of so much real need,
And gladly offered milk and bread.

In the glorious golden sunshine,
Threads of silver seemed the hair
Of the aged weary stranger,
Who asked of Greta care.

"Tell me why thy tears were falling,
When here I entered, little maid;
Out into the sunshine take thee,
Hear me, I must be obeyed."

"Why should I into sunshine go,
Lone my life, nothing can I know;"
Shade of sorrow crossed the aged brow
That had been all radiant brightness until now.

"Greta," and she spoke with weighty meaning,
"Envious is thy lonely seeming,
Ten willing servants wait thy orders,
Upon a happy lot thine borders."

'Mid halting doubts Greta pondered;
Had she into dream-land wandered?
Then half in hope and half in fear,
Looked for servants to appear.

"First know thy servants, little maid,
Then hast thou learned to be obeyed."

[Here the thumb and fingers of the right hand are successively held up to illustrate.]

"Strongest one of all the lot
Upon the hand comes 'Tummietott.'

"The next is 'Slickiepitt,'
For ready waiting seeming fit.

"To wear a crown who easiest can
Comes plain and honest 'Langeman.'

"And ever by his side
Stands 'Gulebrand,' his bride.

"Last for bowing waiter being fit
Comes cunning little 'Lilliepitt.'"

[Here both hands are held up while the child looks at them in surprise.]

While thus she spoke each seemed a face,
A perfect person full of grace;
She clapped her hands in joyous glee,
With knowledge new what might she be.

Then the faces vanished, the vision fair,
And the old, old woman with silver hair;
But a lesson remained, servants true,
Greta would teach them much to do.

Greta grew wise and happy and proud,
And talked to her servants all day aloud;
Day by day she added more
To what little knowledge she had before,
Until a miniature palace seemed her cot,
And sweetest blessings her envious lot.

Pray teach all children throughout the land
To have trained servants at their command.

S. H. W.

NIGHTLY rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs and senses and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other; yet, because almost every man we meet possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration of blessings. — *Paley*.

For The Dayspring.

ROBIN'S MAY SONG.

BY ELIZABETH HILL.

THE sky is blue to-day.

Jenny, my dear, 'tis the first of May!

Jenny, my dear,

The May is here,

And the sky above is as blue and clear

As the beautiful skies of June, my dear,—

Tho' 'tis only the first of May.

What do I see down there?

Arbutus blossoms, fragrant and fair!

Jenny, my wife,

Pride of my life,

Leave the labor, the worry and strife,

Just for one day, my little nest-wife,

Lose your troublesome care.

"Work must be done," you say?

Why, Jenny, love, 'tis the first of May!

Jenny, my dear,

Come here! come here!

May-day comes only once a year:

We must be merry to-day, my dear!

We must be merry to-day!

BAD manners are a species of bad morals. A conscientious man will not grossly offend in that way.

KNOWLEDGE will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

It is not worth while to think too much about doing good. Doing the best that we know, minute by minute and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness, as fruit grows to ripeness.

THE youth who begins life with a modest determination not to fail, and an earnest purpose to do only that which is right, will succeed as surely as patience is united to his effort, and hope is ever in his heart.

HUMOROUS.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy was asked if his father was a Christian. He replied, "Yes; but he is not working much at it."

When a boy puts a ball through a parlor window, the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out.

A clergyman who was annoyed by the squeaking shoes of his parishioners remarked that some people had "too much music in their soles."

A little girl in Sunday School, who had been pulling her doll to pieces during the week, was asked by the teacher: "What was Adam made of?" Answer: "Dust." "And what was Eve made of?" Answer: "Sawdust."

A little girl who had often heard her mother speak of her father, who was somewhat bald, as being a self-made man, asked her one day, if her father was a self-made man, why he didn't put more hair on his head.

A little six-year-old boy astonished his mother by exclaiming: "I wish I was an angel!" Wondering what holy thoughts were filling his young mind, she waited for a reason. "Then I could see all the circuses at once."

A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling alley, and kept firing away at the pins to the imminent peril of the boy who, so far from having any thing to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in an endeavor to avoid the ball of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the fellow, seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball, "Stand in amongst the pins, boy, if you don't want to get hurt."

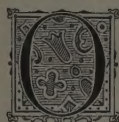


LUCY AND HER PETS.

For The Dayspring.

IN A DOLL'S POCKET.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



IN a principal street in one of our large cities was a store containing nothing but dolls, from the beautiful creature of wax, with long flaxen curls, eyes that opened and shut, and a trunk full of stylish clothes, down to the dozens of little naked china babies, who were tucked in wherever there was room.

There were worsted dolls, rubber dolls, funny Japanese dolls, crying dolls with odd little nightcaps on their heads, jointed dolls, walking dolls, in short, every kind of doll ever heard of in the civilized world.

Such a paradise it seemed to the eager girls who lingered round the window on their way to and from school, to gaze on the treasures it contained, and to choose one among them for Christmas or a birthday.

Yet, within the store, amid all its plenty, there sat a pale child of thirteen, who did not own so much as a rag doll. Patiently she toiled day after day in her little nook behind the counter, "cutting out and trying on," like Jenny Wren, the pathetic dolls' dressmaker, created by Dickens.

Poor Annette! she had neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, and often, when her heart was hungering for love, she caressed the lifeless figure she was adorning, and murmured some sweet epithet in its unheeding ears.

But she could not often indulge her feelings in this way; for if her master, the old man of the shop, chanced to surprise her thus, he would cry angrily, with a hideous frown, "Come now, girl, no dawdling; to work, or you'll get no bread!"

It was near Christmas, and Annette was very busy filling the orders for dressed dolls. One day a large box arrived from Paris, and Mr. Solomons took from it a package which, when relieved of several layers of delicate paper, proved to be the most beautiful doll which even Annette, in all the years she had spent in the shop, had ever seen.

"Here," called the gruff voice, "take this doll, and make a complete outfit for it. But mind, if you get one spear, — just one spear of its hair out of place, — you'll taste this," and he held up his thick stick in a threatening manner.

Annette took the doll carefully in her arms, and retired to her obscure corner. Pieces of muslin, lace, and silk, were selected, and the process of dressing begun. If it had not been that the old man continually peered over the counter, she would have been quite happy. For the doll that smiled up at her from her lap was beautiful. It was as large as a child of two years, and had long, flowing brown hair, lips parted as if to speak, and the most beautiful brown eyes in the world. Not the fixed, staring eyes we usually see in dolls, but cast down a trifle, and shaded by long lashes.

"It is ma petite Angelique come back to earth," thought Annette, but she did not dare to let her tears fall for fear of her master. She longed to press the inanimate form in her arms, as in happier days she had been wont to bear her little sister on her heart, — but the same fear restrained her.

All day she plied her needle, and by night the doll was clothed in beautiful undergarments of soft muslin and lace.

The old man examined the work. "What, is this all thou hast done, ingrate? The robe should have been on

ere this. Get off to bed, thou idler, and be up betimes in the morning. But stay, girl. Take the doll with thee, and see that no harm comes to it."

Annette could scarcely believe her senses. She took the doll carefully in her arms, however, and, once safe in her own little room, she pressed it to her desolate heart, murmuring her pretty French words in its waxen ears: "*Mon ange, ma petite sœur, ma belle Angelique.*" She touched her lips ever so lightly to its pink cheek, and finally placed it in a chair close to her bed, and sang a gentle lullaby ere she went to sleep.

The next day Angelique was fully dressed in a pink silk robe, and set up conspicuously in the show window. Here she held a reception from morning till night. The children crowded the sidewalk, and marvelled at her beautiful face, her fine clothes. They exclaimed at her dainty handkerchief, her cunning little fan, her ear-rings. But although many entered the shop to inquire her price, no one bought her; and night after night Annette took her to her own room, where for a few hours the child was happy. At last she had something to love, although the object of her affection was only a waxen image. She trembled whenever a customer entered the store until she found that his errand was not to purchase Angelique.

But the old man was becoming impatient. He declared that if Annette had dressed the doll with taste it would have been sold long ago. "Nothing but bread and water shalt thou have," he cried, one day, "until that doll goes out of this shop."

That very afternoon a carriage, drawn by two prancing horses, dashed up at the door, and Captain Vernon and his little niece Mabel entered the store in search of the belated Christmas present which a long

journey had prevented his bestowing at the proper time.

"And I am to have any thing I choose to ask for, Uncle Harry?" asked Mabel, looking about her.

"Yes, darling; any thing you select."

"Then I want that beautiful great doll in the window," cried Mabel, with dancing eyes.

The old man had been fawning on his rich customers, and now said smoothly: "The little lady shows excellent taste. The doll is the finest of its kind, and is superbly dressed. Annette!"—ah, how the voice changed,— "make haste here with the French doll!"

Little Annette came round the counter with the doll. She was anxious to see who was to be the owner of her beloved Angelique.

Mabel took the beautiful doll in her arms. "Did you dress her, Annette?" she asked, kindly.

"Yes, miss."

"Her clothes are beautiful. Will they take off?"

"O yes! They all have buttons and strings."

"How splendid! my last doll's things were all sewed on. I suppose you have as many dolls as you want in this big store?"

Before timid Annette could reply, Mr. Solomons darted an angry glance at her, then answered for her: "Ah, my little miss, we are very poor, we have no time for play."

Annette felt that she was losing a friend as she saw the doll bought and paid for; she must take it in her arms once more.

"The curls are a little rumped," she said, timidly, "will you let me arrange them?"

"Oh yes!" answered Mabel, readily. "Please let her fix them," she continued,

to Mr. Solomons, who was about to stop Annette.

He thought it best to yield, and Annette hurried to her room, where she pressed the doll passionately in her arms, hastily smoothed its curls, and slipped something in its pocket.

"Good-by, Annette," said Mabel, as she again received her doll. "I will come in some day to tell you how she gets along."

"Thank you," replied Annette. She watched Mabel take her place on the back seat of the carriage, her doll beside her, while Uncle Harry was obliged to sit opposite them. She resumed her work with a sigh, as she thought of all Mabel had to love, while she had no one, not even a doll.

"Only see, mamma," cried Mabel, entering her mother's room, "what Uncle Harry has given me! Isn't he a darling? And isn't it a beauty? Its clothes will take off, and oh, mamma, the little girl in the store looked so sorry when we bought it. I believe she loved it, and I don't wonder, do you?"

"No, dear. The doll is very beautiful."

"See what a lovely pink dress, and look at the shoes and stockings! Here is a chataine pocket just like Aunt Nellie's, and a little lace handkerchief in it. Oh! and here's something else, a little note, what can it be? Read it, mamma, please."

Mrs. Vernon took the little note and read these words, "*Adieu, mon Angelique.* I have pressed thee in my arms for the last time, and kissed thy cheek ever so lightly. Thou art the only thing I have had to love since thy namesake, *ma petite sœur*, died, and now I must lose thee. I pray that the little lady may be kind to thee, never tumble thy hair or let thee fall, and sometimes bring thee to see thine Annette."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Vernon. "How did she look?"

"Oh, mamma, she was a sweet little thing, but so pale and thin. I feel sure that she was afraid of the old man, he looked so cross at her. Can't she come and live with Angelique and me?"

"Did you say she dressed the doll?"

"Yes, mamma, and look at the stitches! Are they not fairy-like? And she says she has no one to love."

Mrs. Vernon was a very benevolent woman. Among other societies, she belonged to one which looked after the welfare of working children. She thought Annette's case needed some inquiries, so she promised her eager little daughter that she would visit the shop the following day.

The next morning sad Annette was busily working and thinking of Angelique, when Mabel, whom Mr. Solomons had not dared to stop, dashed round the corner with the doll in her arms.

"Oh, Annette, mamma has come to see Mr. Solomons, so I brought Angelique round to speak to you. There, give her a kiss! Isn't she a darling? And we found your note, and I shouldn't wonder if something nice was going to happen to you."

Something nice did happen to her, but not immediately. Mrs. Vernon became convinced that it was a case which demanded her interference, but Mr. Solomons knew Annette's value too well to let her go easily. However, after some weeks (during which he was crosser than ever to poor Annette), he accepted Mrs. Vernon's terms and gave the child up.

Annette makes herself very useful in Mabel's beautiful home. She has many duties to perform, but still has plenty of time to help Mabel amuse Angelique. I am sorry to say that the doll is very exact-

ing. She requires many new dresses, all to be made in the latest style, and is quite indignant if she has not a new bonnet every time she drives in the park.

Surrounded by such kind friends, and engaged in such pleasing occupations, with plenty of nourishing food, Annette grows stout and rosy, and could hardly be recognized as the pale dolls' dressmaker who shrank from Mr. Solomons' big stick.

Mrs. Vernon and Mabel are also happy. For no one can do a kind action without also receiving a benefit, and their little waiting-maid's gratitude and devotion amply repay their efforts on her behalf.

For The Dayspring

BRIGHT THOUGHT.

"LET's play Bright Thought," said Lizzie, as she sat down in the cosy sitting-room, after tea, before an open wood fire. Lizzie said this to her brother Willie and her sister Ellen. The day had been a dull one and they were pleased with the idea of something so enlivening. Her mother had come in just as she was saying this; after drawing down the window-shades, she took her seat beside her; just then her father brought in a bundle of fagots from an old apple-tree that had been removed from the back yard, and put it on the fire; this was soon wrapped in bright flames that produced dancing lights and shadows on the walls and ceiling, and happy smiles on the faces of the little circle.

"Yes, let's play Bright Thought!" exclaimed Willie, after this pause.

"How is it played?" inquired papa, looking toward Lizzie for a reply.

"Every thing in nature," said she hesitatingly, and looking to her mother, who

had been trying to teach her to be explicit, "belongs to one of three kingdoms,—to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom; therefore, every thing in this room belongs to one of these kingdoms. One of us should choose some article, and the rest of us should guess what it is: when something has been chosen, the first one begins with saying, 'I have a bright thought!' 'What kingdom is it in?' some one else inquires,—and so on until the object has been guessed"

"May I begin?" said Ellen, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes," said mamma.

"I have a Bright Thought!"

"What kingdom is it in?" asked papa.

"Vegetable," she replied.

Various objects were named, and, at last Willie thought of the "wall-paper."

"That was in the vegetable kingdom, was it not?" inquired Ellen.

"Yes," said papa, "it was made from rags, and they are the product of the cotton plant."

It was now given Willie to continue the game.

After a long search, they thought of the "picture cords,"—as something belonging to the "animal kingdom," as Willie had said,— "for they were made of wool, and that came from sheep."

Lizzie chose the ring on mamma's finger, as something belonging to the mineral kingdom, and it was a long time before it was guessed.

Mamma chose the bouquet of ferns and autumn leaves that stood on a bracket against the wall, as something belonging to the vegetable kingdom.

Papa chose a tall glass vase on the table, as something belonging to the mineral kingdom—"for glass," he said, "was made from sand."

"Could any one tell what sand came from?" he asked; no one could tell but mamma, and she kept silent.

"It came from the rocks," said he, "as they have been rubbed or washed against each other."

After a while, the interest in the game diminished, and conversation followed about the articles that had been named.

"Mahogany," papa said, "came from trees that grew in Central America, and they were of great height and size. Rosewood was so called because the inner growth was of rose color. Marble of the best kind was brought from Italy. Steel, of which the shovel and tongs were made, was from iron that had been subjected to great heat. The flower pots—mamma had a stand full of blooming plants at one of the windows—were made from clay."

Eight o'clock, the children's bedtime, had now arrived; with pleasant anticipations of excursions to the glass-blowers and to the Pottery, which had been planned, they cheerfully bade their dear father and mother an affectionate good-night.

A. H. MCK.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D. The Centenary Memorial Edition. By his nephew, William Henry Channing. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1880. pp. 729. Price \$1.00.

This volume is uniform with the dollar edition of Channing's Works, and contains more than two-thirds the matter which originally appeared in the three-volume edition of Channing's Memoirs. In fact, nothing is omitted from that valuable work except the less important extracts from sermons and correspondence. The

paper, type, and binding are good,—so good that the book is really handsome,—and the price so low that at least a hundred thousand copies ought to be sold. We give the following extract from the chapter on Channing's boyhood:—

"A man, sick and in distress, begged one day at the door. William observed him, but was silent, and gave nothing at the time. When the beggar had gone, however, he was seen to follow him out, and to put into his hand some pieces of money, which must have been all that he had. It is remembered, too, that he used to visit a friendless and desolate old man in the neighborhood, carrying with him such comforts as he could command; and interest generally in the poor, deference for the aged, and considerate regard for the feelings and rights of domestics in the family, gained for him the warm affection due to the liberal and loving."

A gentle and kind disposition manifested itself also in his treatment of animals, as in a letter written soon after leaving college, he thus himself declares:—

"Thanks that I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have; they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty.

"I can remember an incident in my childhood which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest

to see them eat for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on a tree, and the father on the wall, mourning for their young. I cried myself, for I was a child. I thought, too, that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more unhappy. I wanted to undeceive them. I wanted to sympathize with and comfort them. When I left the field they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was too young and too sincere in my grief to make any apostrophes. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I ever cease to abhor every species of inhumanity towards inferior animals.' "

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. A Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1880. pp. 259. Price \$1.50.

This little volume will attract the young who always prefer small books to large ones; those who have not time to go through the larger work noticed above, but who want to know something of Dr. Channing; and those who, having read the larger and more exhaustive "Memoirs," still want to know more of the great and good man of whom they treat. We are sure that the last-named class of readers will not be small, and that none of them will fail to be repaid for the time spent in perusing this charming book, for they will find it as fresh and instructive as though no life of Dr. Channing had been previously read. We commend the book to the old and the young, to those who have read the

larger life and to those who have not. We have room for only the following extract:—

"He acquired among his playfellows the title of 'the little minister.' It was not merely from his doing so simply and solemnly what children so very often and early find a peculiar charm in doing (for childhood is just what it was in the days of Jesus), namely, playing the preacher. This, indeed, little William, it is said, would go through with singular unction; for want of a bell, summoning his congregation to worship by the extemporized gong of a warming-pan, and delivering sermons (perhaps not written *by* him), one of which was long remembered for its text, the cry of the child brought in from the field with a sun-stroke,—'My head! my head!' But not in such set and solemn way alone did the boy Channing justify the ministerial title so early attached to him. He was a real minister in deed as well as word; 'the little peacemaker,' his companions also called him, and little 'King Pepin' (as he was long after said to have been born for a mediator in the Church); and he was by his example a preacher of magnanimity, purity, and righteousness. Beauty of person he is said to have had, and he joined to it the beauty of holiness."

VERY touching is the conduct of that dog down in Essex County, who, on a certain day in August a few years ago, parted with his master at the station, and watched for him there at night. But he did not arrive: he had perished in the disaster at Revere. And every day for months the dog watched for his master, scanning the passengers, as they alighted from the train. The master never came; but the humble, loyal watcher did not give him up, but waited long for him.

THE ANNUAL COLLECTION.

THE Board of Managers of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society has sent an appeal to our churches for a collection on the second Sunday in May. We hope all our friends will bear in mind that it is of great importance that generous donations be sent us at once. Let them consider what we have so often said; that our work cannot be carried on without contributions, and that it cannot be carried on as it ought to be until these amount annually to a much larger sum than we have usually received.

THE May number of the "Sunday-School Lessons" contains five Lessons, the titles of which are, "A Warning against Presumption;" "The Parable of the Great Supper;" "The Parables of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Piece of Money;" "The Parable of the Prodigal Son;" and "The Parable of the Unjust Steward." The present series will be completed with the June number, which will be published about the fifteenth of May. The series will then be sold in a handsomely bound volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages at the extremely low rate of twenty-five cents per copy. The ninth series of Lessons, to begin with the September number, will be on the Life of Jesus.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW for April is, very appropriately, a Channing number, every article, with one exception, being devoted, in one way or another, to that illustrious man. As usual, every page is interesting and instructive, and deserves to be carefully read. We hope that the reduction of the subscription price from five dollars a year to three will increase the number of subscribers at least fourfold.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 9, 2, 11, is a bird.

My 13, 2, 11, is a small animal.

My 3, 5, 10, 11, is a bird's home.

My 6, 4, 1, 2, is a girl's name.

My 7, 8, 9, is a spider's bed.

My 12, 11, 11, 2, is a girl's name.

My whole is the name of a great statesman.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- | | |
|--------------|----|
| 1. C a | P. |
| 2. H our | I. |
| 3. A r | C. |
| 4. R in | K. |
| 5. L a | W. |
| 6. E nnu | I. |
| 7. S a | C. |
| 8. D ir | K. |
| 9. I m | P. |
| 10. C all | A. |
| 11. K ee | P. |
| 12. E r | E. |
| 13. N ea | R. |
| 14. S cissor | S. |

SQUARE WORD.

O V E R.
V A R E.
E R I N.
R E N D.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.

University Press : John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.